

WEEKLY MINI-SERIES



3 OF 4

\$1.50

In Canada
\$2.00

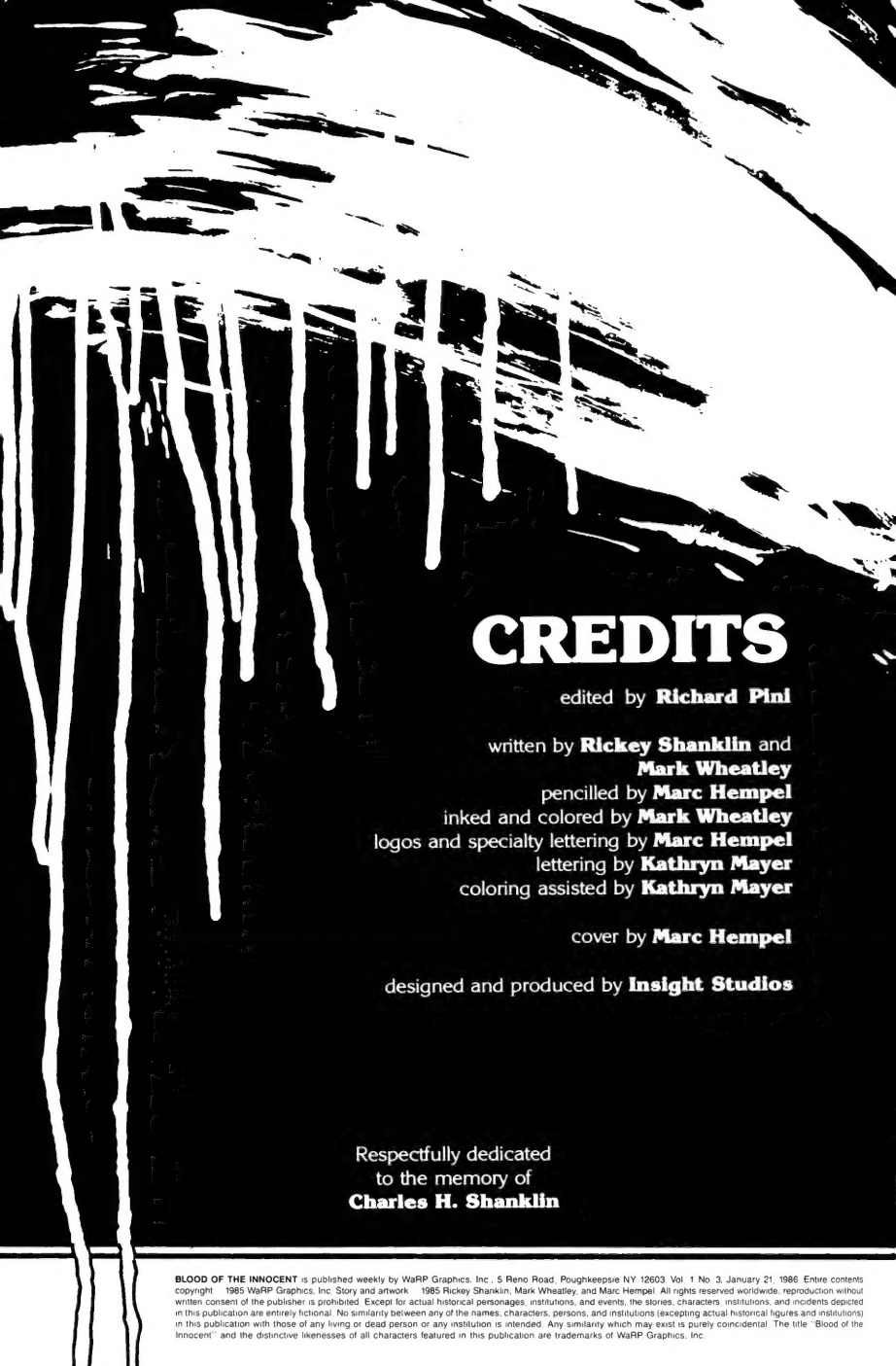
BLOOD OF THE INNOCENT



DRACULA

**JACK
THE RIPPER**

NIGHTMARE & FANTASY FOR
MATURE READERS



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Respectfully dedicated
to the memory of
Charles H. Shanklin

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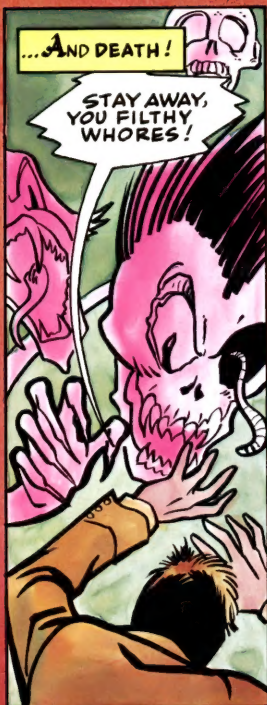
CHAPTER
THREE:

MOONBEAMS DREAD SCHEMES



IN THE LONDON
OF 1888 THERE IS
NOT MUCH HOPE FOR
THOSE SORRY SOULS
SUFFERING THE
RAVAGES OF
VENEREAL DISEASE.

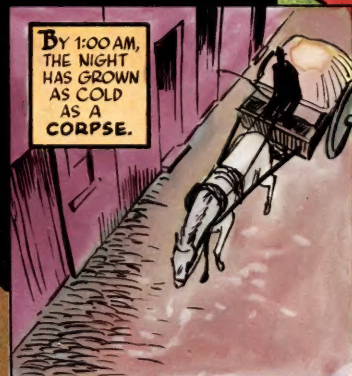
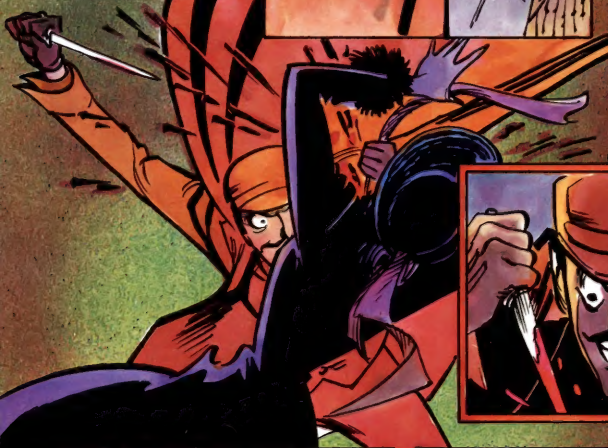
THERE IS ONLY
FEAR...

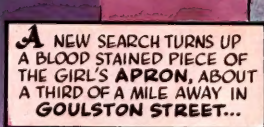
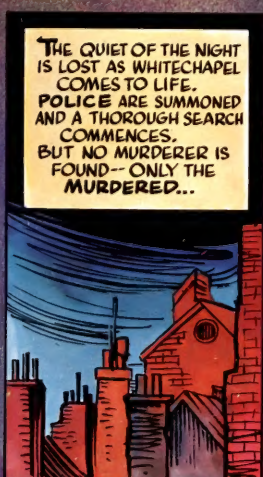


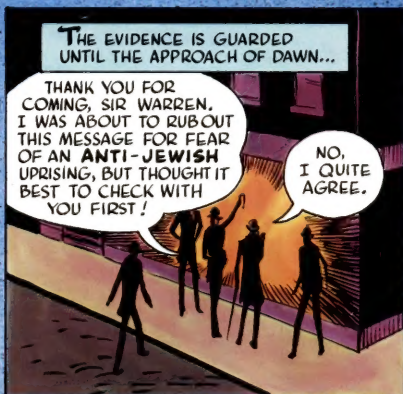
EDDY'S SICKENED IMAGINATION PREYS UPON HIM, SENDING HIM RUNNING FOR WHITECHAPEL.











LATER, AT A CLANDESTINE MEETING IN THE INFAMOUS BLACK MUSEUM...

ROBERT ANDERSON... I BELIEVE YOU'VE MET THE HOME SECRETARY, HENRY MATTHEWS.

OF COURSE I KNOW THE CHIEF OF THE C.I.D.

LET'S GET TO IT! AFTER INTERRUPTING MY HOLIDAY IN PARIS, I'VE SPENT THE LAST EIGHTEEN HOURS FAMILIARIZING MYSELF WITH THESE SO-CALLED "JACK THE RIPPER" MURDERS, AND I CAN ASSURE BOTH OF YOU THAT THIS INVESTIGATION HAS YET TO BEGIN IN EARNEST!

I'D HOPED YOU'D SEE IT THAT WAY, ROBERT, AS IT'S NOW FALLEN SQUARE UPON YOUR SHOULDERS TO BRING THIS NIGHTMARE TO AN END.

WHAT'S MORE, I HOLD YOU PERSONALLY RESPONSIBLE FOR FINDING THIS MURDERER AND BRINGING HIM TO JUSTICE!

NO, I HOLD MYSELF RESPONSIBLE TO TAKE ALL LEGITIMATE MEANS TO FIND THIS FIEND. FURTHERMORE, FROM NOW ON I WANT EVERY PROSTITUTE FOUND ON THE STREETS AFTER MIDNIGHT PLACED UNDER ARREST!

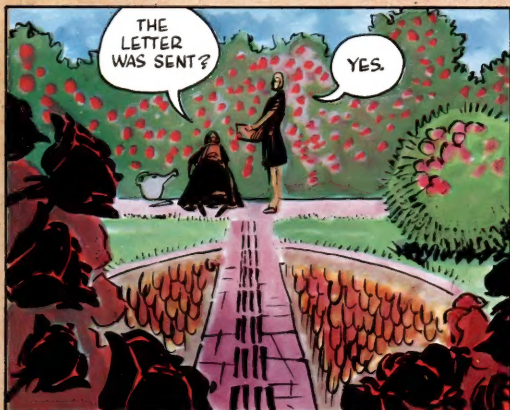
OH, ROBERT, BE REASONABLE! WE HAVEN'T THE SPACE!

WELL, THEN, LET THEM KNOW THAT THEY CAN EXPECT NO POLICE PROTECTION.

THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!

I was not coddling dear old Boss when I gave you the tip, you'll hear about saucy Jack's work tomorrow. Double event this time, number one squealed a bit. Couldn't finish straight off. had not time to get cars for police. thanks for keeping last letter back till I got to work again. Jack the Ripper

I'D LIKE TO SEE THIS WHOLE BLOODY AFFAIR PUT TO REST BEFORE "JACK" SENDS ALONG MORE OF THESE DEMENTED NOTES!



THE
LETTER
WAS SENT?

YES.



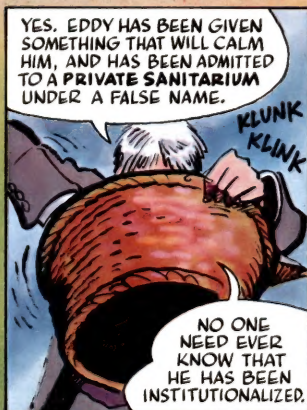
JAMES PENNED IT
IMMEDIATELY, AT
MY REQUEST, ONCE
DETAILS OF THE
NIGHT WERE
CLARIFIED BY
EDDY.

I ONLY
WISH I
HAD KNOWN
OF THE
PREVIOUS
LETTER
BEFOREHAND.



NONETHELESS, MATTERS WILL
BE DEALT WITH AS
REQUIRED.

THE
SHEARS,
SIR GULL...
THE SHEARS!



YES. EDDY HAS BEEN GIVEN
SOMETHING THAT WILL CALM
HIM, AND HAS BEEN ADMITTED
TO A PRIVATE SANITARIUM
UNDER A FALSE NAME.

NO ONE
NEED EVER
KNOW THAT
HE HAS BEEN
INSTITUTIONALIZED.



ARE
THESE
THE ONES
YOU
WANT?

NO.



SHEARS...



...ARE
LARGE
CLIPPERS!



NOW, DO NOT FORGET THE NEXT
LETTER, OR WE WILL HAVE GREAT
DIFFICULTY IN PERPETUATING
THE APPEARANCE THAT JACK
THE RIPPER IS STILL AT LARGE.



I SHALL SEE TO THE NEXT LETTER PERSONALLY, SOMEWHERE AROUND MID-OCTOBER.

A **STAND-IN** HAS BEEN COMMISSIONED FOR THE HUNTING TRIP TO SCOTLAND, AND HE WILL ALSO FILL IN AT THE BIRTHDAY PARTY SCHEDULED AT SANDRINGHAM.



AND IN YOUR OPINION, WILL THIS BE SUFFICIENT?

WILL THE NEWSPAPERS ACCEPT THE FACTS WE INTEND TO PRESENT AT FACE VALUE... WITHOUT FURTHER **BLOODSHED?**



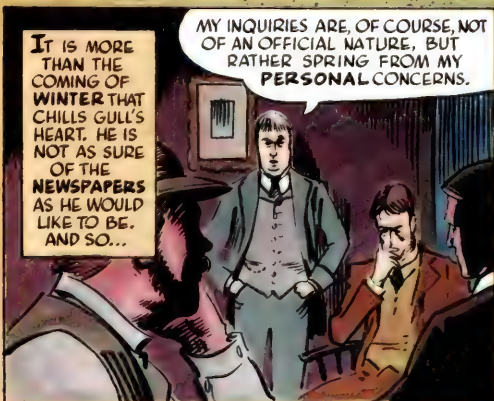
OH, I THINK FURTHER BLOODSHED IS OUT OF THE QUESTION.



THANK YOU. YOU ARE WORTHLESS AS A GARDENER, BUT, AS ALWAYS, A CREDIT TO OUR COUNTRY.

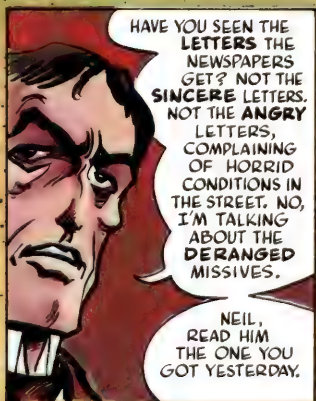


I AM ALWAYS AT YOUR DISPOSAL, **YOUR MAJESTY.**



IT IS MORE THAN THE COMING OF WINTER THAT CHILLS GULL'S HEART. HE IS NOT AS SURE OF THE NEWSPAPERS AS HE WOULD LIKE TO BE. AND SO...

MY INQUIRIES ARE, OF COURSE, NOT OF AN OFFICIAL NATURE, BUT RATHER SPRING FROM MY **PERSONAL CONCERNS.**



HAVE YOU SEEN THE **LETTERS** THE NEWSPAPERS GET? NOT THE **SINCERE** LETTERS. NOT THE **ANGRY** LETTERS, COMPLAINING OF HORRID CONDITIONS IN THE STREET. NO, I'M TALKING ABOUT THE **DERANGED** MISSIVES.

NEIL, READ HIM THE ONE YOU GOT YESTERDAY.

I DO BELIEVE **INSPECTOR
ABBERLINE** ENJOYS THESE
ODDITIES-- BUT ALLOW ME
TO EXCERPT MY FAVORITE
PART...

SHUFFLE
SHUFFLE

"THE POLICE
DEPARTMENT
COULD EQUIP FEMALE
UNDERCOVER AGENTS
WITH **METAL COLLARS**
TO PREVENT THEIR THROATS
FROM BEING SLASHED..."

"...AND
**ELECTRIFIED
CORSETS**
DESIGNED TO
ELECTROCUTE
ANY ATTACKER."

YES,
WELL...

I THINK WE'RE ALL
FORGETTING SOMETHING,
GENTLEMEN.

FEAR.

FEAR IS
WHAT HOLDS
WHITECHAPEL
IN ITS ICY
GRIP. FEAR IS
WHAT DRIVES
THESE PEOPLE
TO WRITE
LETTERS.

FEAR,
PLAIN
AND
SIMPLE.

AND WHAT DO **YOU**
FEAR, SIR?
THE DARK?
THE
UNKNOWN?

WE
ALL FEAR
SOMETHING
WHETHER
WE ADMIT
IT OR
NOT.

I FEAR THAT WHICH IMPERILS
THE **SANCTITY** OF OUR NOBLE SOIL.
I FEAR THE **BEAST** THAT LUMBERS
ABOUT IN THE DARK, THREATENING TO
UNDERMINE THE VERY FOUNDATIONS
OF **ENGLAND** HERSELF.

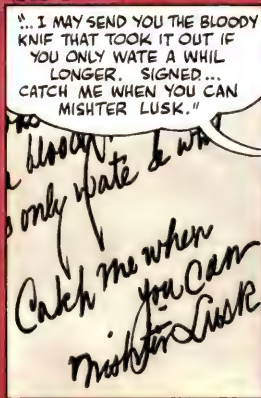
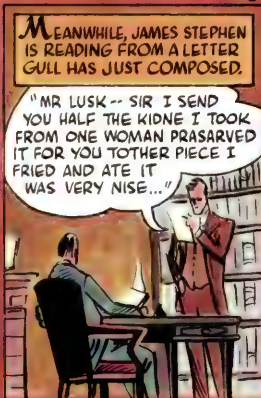
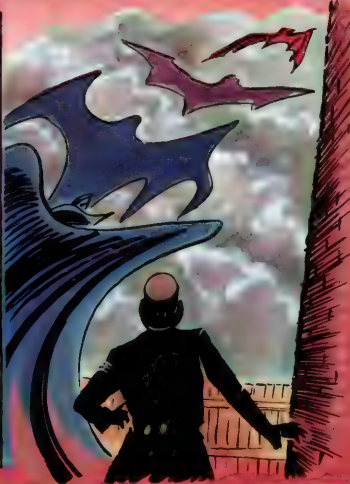
THAT,
SIR GULL,
IS WHAT
I FEAR...
AND WHAT
I INTEND
TO **PREVENT**
IF AT ALL
POSSIBLE.

INDEED!

THERE IS
MORE
TO MONTAGUE
JOHN DRIUIT
THAN MEETS
THE EYE.

LATER, AS THE
SUN PALES,
AND WHITECHAPEL'S
NIGHT LIFE
STIRS-- DRIUIT
APPROACHES
DRACULA'S
RENTED HOME,
READY TO DRAIN
HIM OF HIS
KNOWLEDGE OF
VAMPIRES.

THIS IS THE
RIGHT ADDRESS...
BUT WHY HE'D CHOOSE
TO LIVE IN **THIS**
AWFUL PLACE IS
BEYOND ME!



IT'S NECESSARY TO THROW THEM OFF THE TRACK. I DON'T WANT THEM TO THINK THAT JACK IS A WELL-EDUCATED MAN, AFTER ALL!



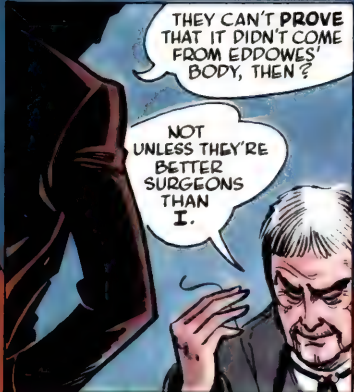
BUT, SIR WILLIAM, WHAT ABOUT THE KIDNEY? WON'T THEY BE ABLE TO TELL THAT IT'S NOT ACTUALLY THE ONE THEY'RE LOOKING FOR?



I HAVE ACCESS TO THE AUTOPSY REPORT, AND THIS ONE IS A RINGER FOR THE ONE MENTIONED THEREIN.



THEY CAN'T PROVE THAT IT DIDN'T COME FROM EDDOWES' BODY, THEN?



NOT UNLESS THEY'RE BETTER SURGEONS THAN I.

I HOPE THEY... SWALLOW ...THE BAIT.



YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR IS SOMEWHAT OUTRE, AND NOT TO MY TASTE IN THE LEAST.

A CLEAR NIGHT HAS LURED DRACULA AND MARY AWAY FROM THEIR FANTASIES AND OUT ONTO THE STREETS OF WHITECHAPEL.



CUT 'ER, JACK-- AND SPARE US ANOTHER OF 'ER SONGS!

EEEEEE*

HA HA HA HA

IT IS THE SOUND OF MUSIC AND LAUGHTER THAT
DRAWS MARY TO THE TAVERN. SHE LEADS DRACULA
INTO AN ATMOSPHERE THAT IS FILLED WITH THE
SMELLS OF FRESH SMOKE AND STALE SWEAT.

IF SHE
KNEW WHAT
BURLESQUE
WAS BEING
PERFORMED
SHE MIGHT
NEVER HAVE
ENTERED.

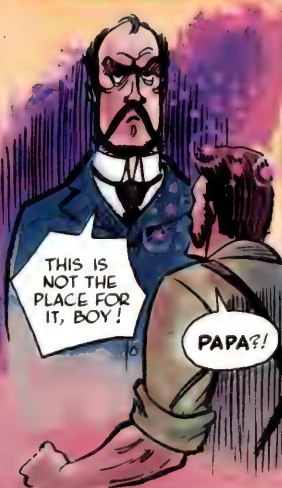
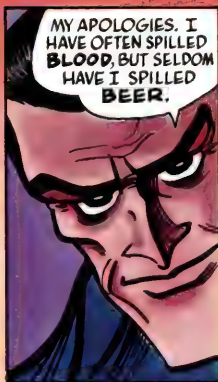
I KNOW YER
TYPE, GIRLIE!
I MEETS 'EM
ALL THE
TIME...

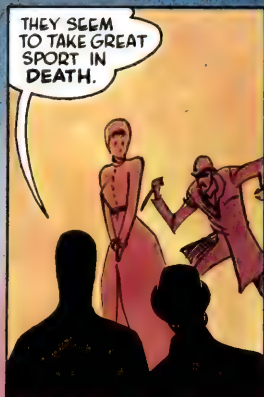
...NOTHIN'
BUT A
STREET
TRAMP...

RIP 'ER,
JACK!

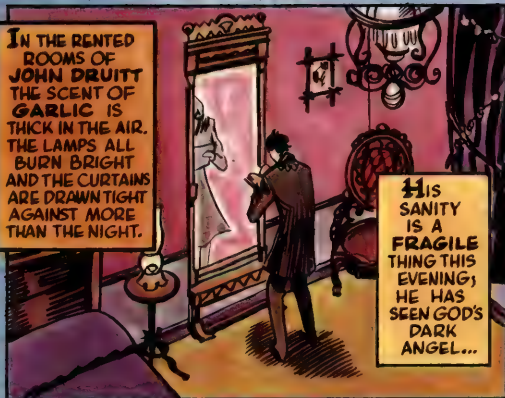
...AND WHAT
GOOD IS ALL
THAT BLOOD,
DEAR TRAMP--
UNLESS IT KEEPS
MY SWEET
BLADE
DAMP!

HEY!





IN THE RENTED ROOMS OF JOHN DRUITT THE SCENT OF GARLIC IS THICK IN THE AIR. THE LAMPS ALL BURN BRIGHT AND THE CURTAINS ARE DRAWN TIGHT AGAINST MORE THAN THE NIGHT.



HIS SANITY IS A FRAGILE THING THIS EVENING; HE HAS SEEN GOD'S DARK ANGEL...

...AND FEARSOME WAS THAT SIGHT, INDEED.

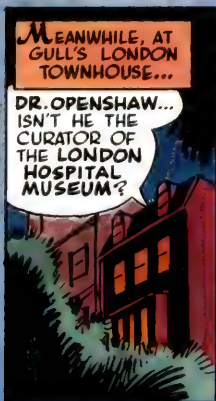
"...TROUBLE COMETH-- BECAUSE THE DEVIL HATH GONE DOWN TO THEE IN A RAGE."

AMEN!



MEANWHILE, AT GULL'S LONDON TOWNHOUSE...

DR. OPENSHAW... ISN'T HE THE CURATOR OF THE LONDON HOSPITAL MUSEUM?



YES. AND THE DOCTOR WHO EXAMINED THE KIDNEY WE SENT, AS WELL.

"OLD BOSS YOU WAS RITE IT WAS THE LEFT KIDNY I WAS GOIN TO HOPERATE AGIN CLOSE TO YOUR OSPITLE JUST AS I WAS GOING TO DROR MI NIFE ALONG OF ER BLOOMIN THROTE THEM CUSSES OF COPPERS SPOILT THE GAME..."



"... BUT I GUESS I WILL BE ON THE JOB SOON AND WILL SEND YOU ANOTHER BIT OF INNERDS... JACK THE RIPPER."

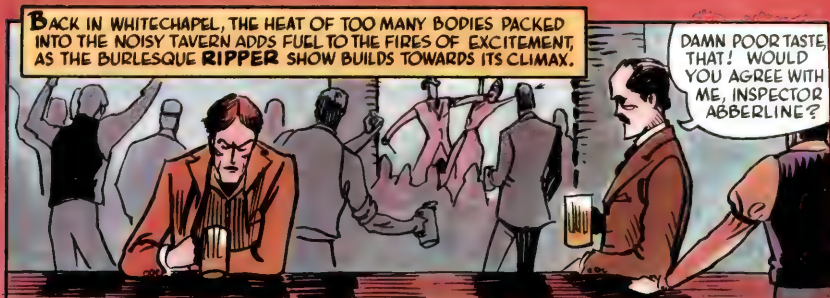
ore
s spailh
guess i wil
soon and will
ther bit of
ack the ripper



SIR WILLIAM, HOW CAN YOU WRITE THIS COLORFUL PROSE AND SAY THAT EDDY IS MAD?



BACK IN WHITECHAPEL, THE HEAT OF TOO MANY BODIES PACKED INTO THE NOISY TAVERN ADDS FUEL TO THE FIRES OF EXCITEMENT, AS THE BURLESQUE **RIPPER** SHOW BUILDS TOWARDS ITS CLIMAX.



DAMN POOR TASTE, THAT! WOULD YOU AGREE WITH ME, INSPECTOR **ABBERLINE**?

YES, HARMLESS, THOUGH. YOU SEE, LUSK, IT'S THE **REAL** RIPPER WHO'S A DEVIL!



HE LEAVES NO CLUES, AND TAUNTS US WHILE WE SCAMPER ABOUT LIKE BLOODY FOOLS!



WE SHOULD BE THANKFUL THAT NO ONE HAS FALLEN VICTIM TO HIS KNIFE IN OVER A MONTH, I SUPPOSE. PERHAPS HE'S THROUGH?

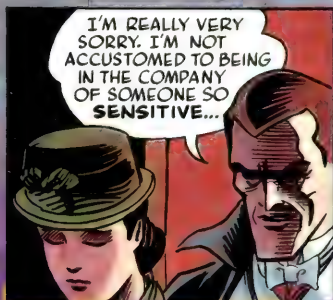
IF HE'S DONE WITH IT, IT'S NOT DUE TO ANY PLAN OF HIS OWN. I'M AFRAID THAT IF HE IS FREE TO DO AS HE PLEASES, HE'LL CONTINUE HIS GRISLY TASK.



BUT, NO! HE'S NOT THROUGH, AND I FEAR WE'LL BE HEARING FROM HIM BEFORE WE'D LIKE...



I'M REALLY VERY SORRY. I'M NOT ACCUSTOMED TO BEING IN THE COMPANY OF SOMEONE SO SENSITIVE...



OH, I KNOW YOU THINK ME WEAK AND SILLY... BUT THIS IS VERY DISTRESSING. I'D REALLY JUST LIKE TO GO HOME.



AT A VERY PRIVATE
SANITARIUM ON THE
OUTSKIRTS OF LONDON, A
MOCKINGBIRD LAUGH DRIFTS
ON THE EVENING BREEZE.
BUT THERE IS NO BIRD, ONLY
EDDY WARMING HIMSELF
WITH HIS DELUSIONS.



HOW COULD HE
BE BLAMED
FOR LAUGHING?
THE SITUATION
IS SO SILLY.

TO THINK THAT
THESE FOOLS THOUGHT
TO KEEP HIM CAPTIVE...
AND HE THE DUKE
OF CLARENCE!

OP KLOP KLOP

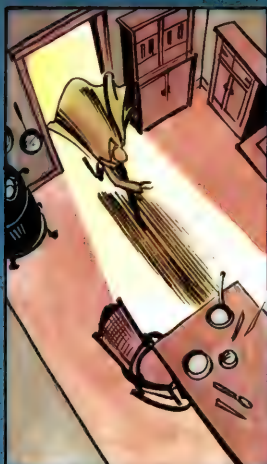


IT MUST BE THAT THE
RIGHTFUL RULERS HAVE
ALL BEEN CAST DOWN...AND
THE WHORES HAVE TAKEN
OVER.

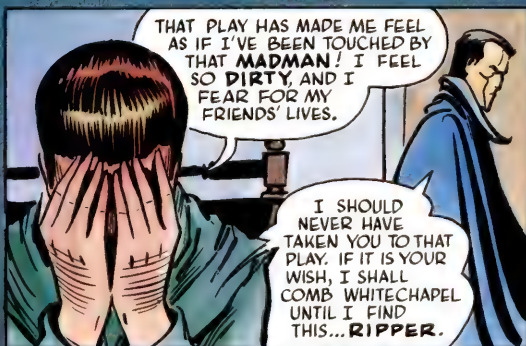


NOW IT SEEMS THAT ONLY EDDY
IS LEFT TO RECLAIM
THE THRONE!





I'M SORRY. I JUST
FEEL LIKE SOMETHING
AWFUL IS GOING
TO HAPPEN
TONIGHT.



THAT PLAY HAS MADE ME FEEL
AS IF I'VE BEEN TOUCHED BY
THAT **MADMAN**! I FEEL
SO **DIRTY**, AND I
FEAR FOR MY
FRIENDS' LIVES.

I SHOULD
NEVER HAVE
TAKEN YOU TO THAT
PLAY. IF IT IS YOUR
WISH, I SHALL
COMB WHITECHAPEL
UNTIL I FIND
THIS... **RIPPER**.



I CAN DO MUCH THAT THE
POLICE CANNOT.

NO!

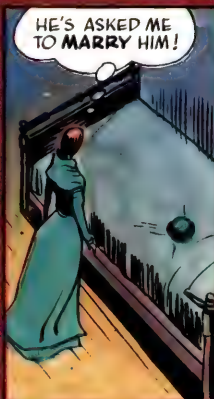
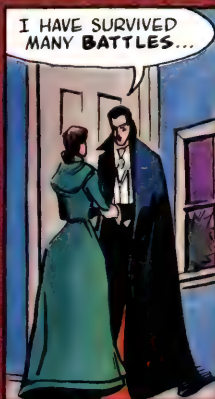
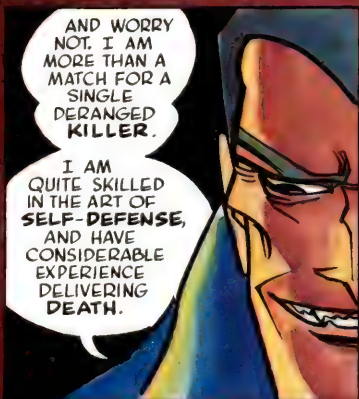
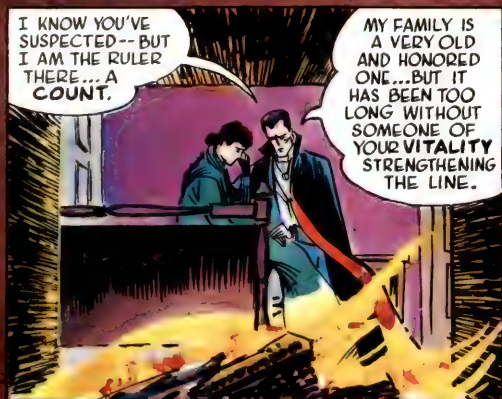


IF THE
POLICE
ARE NO
MATCH
FOR HIM,
WHAT
CHANCE
HAVE
YOU ??



IN MY
COUNTRY
THERE ARE
NO POLICE,
AND I
AM THE
LAW.

IT FALLS
TO ME TO DEAL
JUSTICE ON MY
OWN.



SOMEWHERE, AMONGST THE GARLIC AND HOLY WATER AND THE SILVER CRUCIFIX AND THE WOODEN STAKE, DRUITT HAS FOUND THE COURAGE TO VENTURE AGAIN INTO THE NIGHT.

BUT HE HAS NOT THE FORTITUDE TO STALK THE VAMPIRE ON HIS OWN.

AND SO HE HAS RETURNED TO DRACULA'S HOME.

HE MUST BE INSIDE! BUT DARE I TEMPT HIS WRATH?

YES, I MUST!

BAM!
BAM!

BUT THE SOUND OF HIS HAMMERING FIST SUMMONS ONLY ECHOES FROM UP AND DOWN THE DESERTED STREET.

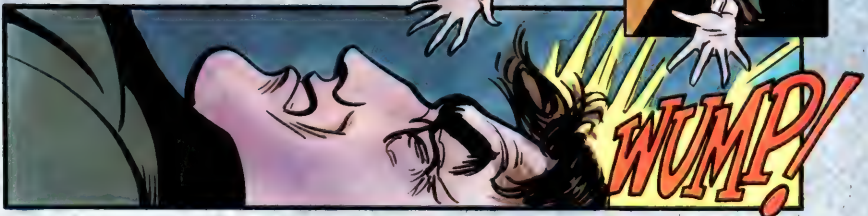
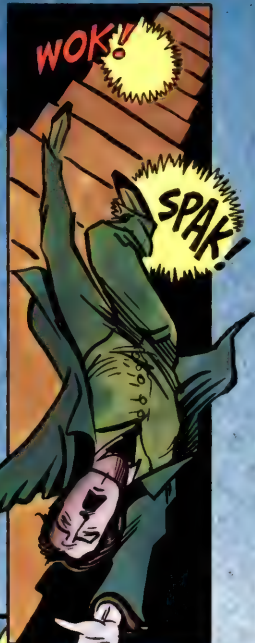
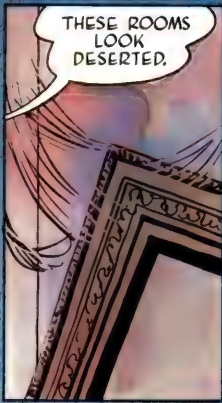
?

THERE IS TOO MUCH AT STAKE TO TURN AND LEAVE.

AND SO...

POK!





THE SMELL OF MOIST EARTH IS ALL AROUND AS HE REGAINS HIS SENSES. THE LIGHT OF A MATCH REVEALS...

A CASKET?

BUT THERE'S NO BODY...

LORD BLESS ME!

IT'S ALL TRUE. MY THEORIES WERE CORRECT! I EVEN MADE THE NEAR-FATAL MISTAKE OF ASKING A VAMPIRE TO CONFIRM MY SUSPICIONS!

... IT'S FILLED WITH EARTH!

BUT COULD IT BE... THAT DRACULA IS JACK THE RIPPER?

He contains his fear long enough to hide all traces of his coming.

AND THEN HE RUNS... AND RUNS...

The Life and Deaths of JACK THE RIPPER

Ever since terrorizing London's lower east end in 1888, Jack the Ripper has fascinated the world. The Ripper's grisly legend has grown to near mythical proportions. He remains even more menacing today because of the mystery surrounding his acts of atrocity, and the countless questions that remain unanswered to this day. Despite literally hundreds of articles, books, and studies, the most important question of all is still "Who **was** Jack the Ripper?"

Undoubtedly, many who knew the answer to this question took it to their graves. Even the heirs of those who reportedly possessed the information remain close-mouthed. Some speculate that this silence has been maintained over the years through the influence of individuals determined to protect the Royal Family. Others refuse to believe that a member of the Royal Family might have been involved in any way with Jack the Ripper.

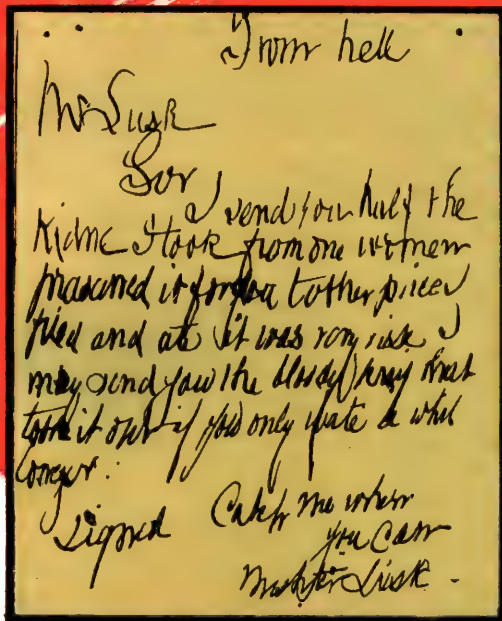
Perhaps the notion is ludicrous. But why, then, was the Ripper file sealed for a period of one century under orders from the highest authority in England? What has become of the file, said to be in the possession of Scotland Yard?

There is ample evidence to suggest that Queen Victoria's grandson, His Royal Highness Prince Albert Victor, Duke of Clarence, and heir to the English Throne, was Jack the Ripper. Not enough to stand up in a court of law, perhaps, but sufficient to bring about conspiracy



His Royal Highness
Prince Albert Victor,
Duke of Clarence.

article by Rickey L. Shanklin



This letter from Jack the Ripper arrived with a package containing half a human kidney.

bulk of its research on Assistant Chief Constable Sir Melville Macnaghten's falsified notes in the Ripper file. In this instance, we are given the theory that Montague J. Drury was Jack the Ripper (not altogether ridiculous, considering the enormous amount of circumstantial evidence connected with Drury).

charges against those involved — and if "Eddy" was Jack the Ripper, his accomplices were many, and most distinguished.

The "Royal Ripper" theory was first made public in 1970, in **The Criminologist**. An article there by Dr. Thomas Stowell drew its data from William Gull's personal notes. The author died very shortly after publication of the piece, and his notes were destroyed immediately thereafter by surviving family members.

Many have refuted this theory. **Clarence**, by Michael Harrison, attempts to clear Eddy while throwing the burden of guilt upon Eddy's close friend, James Kenneth Stephen. **Prince Jack**, a more recent work by Frank Spiering, implicates both Eddy and James, while tying up many loose ends concerning the murders. Daniel Farson's **Jack the Ripper** bases the

Dr. Forbes Winslow, an outspoken and frequent newspaper contributor of the time, collected his memoirs in **Recollections of Forty Years**. Among his many theories was that of a lone madman living in temporary lodgings. This theory was the basis of Belloc Lowndes' **The Lodger**, which was subsequently made into a silent film by Alfred Hitchcock.

Leonard Matters' book, **The Mystery of Jack the Ripper**, seems to have no real clues to the Ripper's identity, but he accuses a mysterious Dr. Stanley all the same. This Dr. Stanley has never been proven to have existed in the first place, let alone to have been Jack the Ripper.

Chief Inspector Godley, who had been one of Detective Inspector Frederick Abberline's men on the Ripper investigation, was the arresting officer in the George Chapman case.

Metropolitan
Police Commissioner.
By Charles Warren.

Chapman (real name: Severin Antonovich Klosowski) was hanged April 7, 1903, for the murder of his wife, Maud. Godley believed that Chapman had committed the Jack the Ripper crimes, though Chapman's character and methods differ substantially from the Ripper style.

Robert Bloch's recent novel, **The Night of the Ripper**, casts Dr. Alexander Pedachenko, a man of many aliases, in the role of the Ripper. While it is possible that Pedachenko was the Ripper, the circumstances surrounding him are confusing — such as the theory that Pedachenko may have been S. A. Klosowski, a/k/a George Chapman! For more details regarding Pedachenko, I refer you to **The Complete Jack the Ripper**, written by Donald Rumbelow, who served on London's City Police Force. This book is a treasure trove of information, and examines all facts without bias. Included are a number of rare photographs, sketches and facsimiles of Ripper letters.

Among other suspects, there is Neil Cream, the American murderer who was serving a life sentence at the time of the Ripper murders — and lest the women feel slighted, there was the inevitable theory of Jill the Ripper. This postulates that the Ripper was female, and may be the basis for **Dr. Jekyll and Sister Hyde**, a Hammer film that mixes the Jekyll/Hyde line with the Ripper.

One of the earliest contemporary books about the Ripper was written by Tom A. Cullen. **When London Walked In Terror** is an excellent book which points to Montague Druitt, building an almost airtight case against him.

There have also been several Ripper movies made. One of the first, **Jack the Ripper** (not to be confused with a later — and awful — film of the same name that starred Klaus Kinski), follows an avenging father



This Victorian cartoon appeared the day before the Ripper's double murder.



This cartoon appeared in 1887. A year later, Jack the Ripper felt right at home.



GHASTLY MURDER

IN THE EAST-END.

DREADFUL MUTILATION OF A WOMAN.

Capture : Leather Apron

Another murder of a character even more diabolical than that perpetrated in Back's Row, on Friday week, was discovered in the same neighbourhood, on Saturday morning. At about six o'clock a woman was found lying in a back yard at the foot of a passage leading to a lodging-house in a Old Brown's Lane, Spitalfields. The house is occupied by a Mrs. Richardson, who lets it out to lodgers, and the door which admits to this passage, at the foot of which lies the yard where the body was found, is always open for the convenience of lodgers. A lodger named Davis was going down to work at the time mentioned and found the woman lying on her back close to the flight of steps leading into the yard. Her throat was cut in a fearful manner. The woman's body had been completely ripped open, and the heart and other organs lying about the floor, and portions of the entrails round the victim's neck. An excited crowd gathered in front of Mr. Richardson's house and also round the mortuary in old Montague Street, whither the body was quickly conveyed. As the body lies in the rough coffin in which it has been placed in the mortuary—the same coffin in which this unfortunate Mrs. Nicholls was first placed—it presents a fearful sight. The body is that of a woman about 45 years of age. The height is exactly five feet. The complexion is pale, with wavy dark brown hair; the eyes are blue, and two lower teeth have been knocked out. The nose is rather large and prominent.

wandering the streets of Whitechapel, scalpel in hand, asking, "Are you Mary Clarke?" Somewhat faithful to the Ripper legend, this black and white film boasts a full color finale. **A Study In Terror**, based on Ellery Queen's classic novel, pits Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson against the Ripper, and ties the case up neatly with a suspect out of the writer's fertile imagination. Even more recently, **Murder by Decree** was released, once again starring Sherlock Holmes. Packed with name actors and actresses, loaded with plots and subplots, this film is an intelligent, carefully worked-out whodunit that winds up implicating none other than the Freemasons! Finally there is Nicholas Meyer's delightful film **Time After Time**, featuring H.G. Wells (played by Malcolm McDowell) as the hero. We are given a fleeing Jack the Ripper (played by David Warner) hitching a ride in Wells' fabled Time Machine. Arriving in contemporary San Francisco, Jack is pursued by Wells himself.

The fictional Neil Esterwood's premature announcement of Leather Apron's guilt had a basis in fact.

Ever the subject of controversy and the source of inspiration, Jack the Ripper is kept alive by those who never knew him — in films, investigative reporting, novels, and short stories such as **Terror Over London** by Gardner F. Fox, "Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper" by Robert Bloch and "The Prowler in the City at the Edge of the World" by Harlan Ellison. In 1972, even a

record album capitalized on Jack the Ripper's name, this one a rock and roll collection by Lord David Sutch (the fifth Earl of Harrow) and Heavy Friends (including Keith Moon), entitled **Hands of Jack the Ripper** (Cotillion SD 9049).

There have been short story collections, BBC documentaries, comic books and comic book stories, TV anthology episodes on such diverse series as **Alfred Hitchcock** and **Star Trek** — and still he lives in our darkest nightmares: unnamed, unknown, unfathomable.

Yet after all these years, after hundreds of thousands of words, after confronting almost every notable personage to pass through Victorian England, somehow Jack has managed to miss meeting one of his most obvious contemporaries: Count Dracula.

Until now.

The mystery continues.





NEXT WEEK



Whitechapel acts as a magnet, drawing all of our players together. Finally, an enraged **Dracula** corners **Jack The Ripper** and London witnesses the most terrifying battle this side of Hell!

Don't miss the terrifying conclusion:

**VAMPIRE LOVE
LUNATIC MOON**